The 29th *of* May: *Or,* THE RESTORATION:

BEING,

A Short View of the many Calamities brought upon theſe Nations, by the Tyrannical Uſurpers during the Grand Rebellion.

And of the Prophetick Wiſhes and Prayers of Loyal Subjects, for the Return of their Rightful Sovereign, as the only Relief in their Diſtreſs.

Collected from many Papers printed in thoſe Times.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by WILLIAM BOREHAM, at the *Angel* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* 1718.

(Price 1 *s.*)

BRITISH MUSEUM

The 29th *of* May:

OR,

The Reſtoration.

IT was an Act well worthy the Wiſdom of the Nation, which was happily reſtor'd to its Senſes, after having been in a violent Frenzy for above twenty Years, to appoint the Anniverſary of that Bleſſed Reſtoration, to be for ever celebrated on the 29th of *May*, when Loyalty, and even Chriſtianity were reviv'd, which had been, if not extinguiſh'd, at leaſt

leaſt under ſuch heavy Oppreſſion, that it was become the moſt unpardonable Crime to be either a Loyal Subject, or an Orthodox Chriſtian; and thoſe few, who had continu'd unſhaken in their Duty to God and their King, if they fell not Sacrifices by the Axe, or the Halter, were only reſerv'd to periſh by Want, being ſtrip'd of all that could be their Support, and branded as Publick Enemies under all this Diſtreſs. There wanted not ſome generous Souls, who in Defiance of Death, and all the Threats of uſurping Tyrants, did venture to make known their own Zeal, and rouſe up the Duty of others, by publiſhing in Print many honeſt and dutiful Papers and Pamphlets, with the utmoſt Hazard of their Lives; Treaſon and Atheiſm being then moſt meritorious with that Government, as True Religion and Loyalty were the Marks of a Delinquent, and a Criminal. It is much to be lamented, that many of thoſe excellent Pieces are either loſt, or grown ſo ſcarce, that the Publick can reap no Benefit by them, and to reprint any of them entire, might not perhaps be ſo acceptable, in Regard that ſeveral Circumſtances and Hints therein are not ſo obvious to every Reader, nor indeed to any who are not very perfectly Acquainted

with

with the Hiſtories and Tranſactions of thoſe Times.

It has been therefore thought moſt proper, to make a ſmall Collection of divers Poetical Sketches, found chiefly in the Weekly Papers, which then appear'd abroad, amidſt the Terrors of Perſecuting Tyrants, the reputed Guilt of Writing, Printing or Publiſhing any ſuch, being puniſh'd with the utmoſt Cruelty; and indifferent Proofs ſerving to convict the Unfortunate, Juries being always pack'd for the Purpoſe, and none appointed Judges but the rankeſt Traytors, and ſuch as were beſt skill'd in wreſting the Laws, that they might be employ'd in deſtroying of Kings, and their moſt faithful Subjects, for the Preſervation of whom they had been eſtabliſh'd by our Anceſtors. Thus much may ſuffice to introduce the following Collection, in which every Piece any thing is taken from, ſhall be faithfully quoted.

Among the many Loyal Papers which crept abroad Weekly, or as the Iniquity of the Times would permit, there was one call'd *Mercurius Bellicus*; or, *An Alarum to all Rebels, communicating Intelligence from all Parts*, &c. This *Mercury*, Numb. 1. from *November* 13. to Monday *November*

ber 22. 1647. is introduc'd with the following Lines.

To cure our bleeding Wounds, there's in a Word,
No Hope of Cure now left us, but the Sword;
'Leſs Heaven be pleas'd ſome Miracle to ſhow,
On Charles *and us, who're Loyal here below.*
For England *cannot ſtand, but by the Fall,*
Of the two Houſes, and their General.
To this Effect, we muſt remove their Stool;
Give 'um a Fall, to make a Knave a Fool:
We need not doubt, we help enough ſhall have,
England *itſelf will help itſelf to ſave.*

The ſame *Mercurius Bellicus*, Numb. 6. from *Tueſday February* 29. to *March* 7. 1648. begins thus;

What do you Foam and Grin, ye traiterous Crew,
Becauſe I whip you in a Strain that's new?
Do you diſpatch your Furies all about,
Who pry into each Nook, to find me out?

Know I am here, and will not ceaſe to write,
Till I diſſolve you, and unking you quite.
Foutre *for all your Malice, when I fall,*
It ſhall be by the Ruin of you all.

Pound me like Anacharſis, *let your Ire,*
Rage like the Sea, glow like Lemnian *Fire;*

Yet

Yet I ſhall count it Glory to reſign,
My Breath by Tortures, for a Cauſe Divine.

Proceed, fill up your Cups, brimfull of Evils,
Kill, kill great Charles, *O you incarnate Devils!*
Yet know ſwift Vengeance haſts, on Eagles Wings,
And that 'tis Madneſs to contend with Kings.

The ſame ſtill, *Numb.* 7. from *Tueſday March* 7. to *Tueſday* March 14. 1648.

Io bis dicite, *for now we ſee,*
The Rebels with the Scots *do diſagree:*
Thruſt them ſtill forward Ate, *fan the Fire,*
Add to their Wrath, pour Oil into the Fire.

Let the ſame Spirit, firſt did ſpur them on,
To Rapine, Murder and Rebellion;
Now fight againſt them, till they periſh all,
By Jocky's *Rage, or by themſelves do fall.*

Thoſe Clergy Elves, *who* Mammon *do adore,*
Preach Abſtinence, yet itch to view a Whore;
Who, with a Scriptum eſt, *have led the Dance,*
Unto our direful Ruin and Miſchance.

Thoſe Sons of Error, who Tonitruate,
And like the Ravens Croaking, ſing our Fate;

Let

Let their black Souls, diſmiſs'd by ſharpned Steel,
Flutter to Hell, there Balaam's *Pains to feel.*

The ſame above quoted, Page 3. goes on with the following Invitation to the *Scots*, to aſſert the King's Right, *viz.*

In the mean Time, *Jocky*, be thou conſtant to thy Principles; thou art Poor, the King, when re-inthron'd, will fall into thy Lap, as *Jove* did once into his *Danae*'s, in a Golden Shower. Thou art contemptible; thy Sovereign, if again inſtated, is able to make thee honourable. Thou art branded with treacherous Mercenarineſs, and Surquedry; this Wound ſhall be heal'd, not ſo much as the Scar remaining, wilt thou but now prove Fidelious, Loyal and Heroick; and as an Invitation to thy Courage, give me leave to give thee this Invitation.

Thy ſixty Kings, who fell by Traitors Hands,
Loſing at once their Lives, with their Com-
[mands,
Fame *ſhall forget hereafter to record,*
If thou wilt now ſtand up for Charles, *thy*
[Lord;

Nor

Nor will ſhe any more abroad reſound,
Thou ſold'ſt him for Two Hundred Thouſand
[*Pound,*
Into the Rebels Hand, all Woes to feel,
If thou wilt purge thy Crime *with* Salt *and* Steel,
When arm'd with Courage, *and victorious Might,*
Thou guid'ſt the barbed Steed into the Fight.
The Virgins of our Land, all in a Ring,
Shall chant thy Glories, and thy Praiſes ſing:
The modeſt Matrons, and the worn out Age,
Shall dance too, in their Bacchanalian *Rage:*
The Girls and Boys, conjoyn'd in one mixt Choir,
Shall Pæans *ſing, as unto* Orpheus *Lyre.*
Nor need'ſt thou fear, alone to undergo,
War's brunt; for we will hug and help thee too.
Our heavy Preſſures, and our diſmal Moans,
Our Sighs, enough to rive the hardeſt Stones;
Fairfax's *Folly,* Oliver's *baſe Mind,*
Martin's *curſt Projects, will us Weapons find.*
Nor for to force thy Way, haſt thou leaſt need;
For we will meet thee on the Banks *of* Tweed;
And there united, march before thee on,
To bring the Rebels to Deſtruction.
Make Treaſon tremble, and not ceaſe to fight,
Till we reſtore King Charles *unto his Right;*
Have lopp'd thoſe Heads of Hidra, *each Day*
[*ſprout,*
Squeez'd their fell Poyſon, and their Rancour
[*out;*

Come then, and doubt not, happy Things to ſee,
Which till we cut a Paſſage cannot be.

Ibid. Pag. 6. An Invitation to the King.

Rouſe up thy ſelf great Prince, for thou art free;
Nor can the Rebels Talons ſeize on thee:
Drag dread Bellona *from her dusky Cell,*
Let's hear Athenia's *Roar, and* Mars's *Yell:*
Arm, arm the utmoſt Nations of the Earth,
Who may inſtate thee in what's thine by Birth:
Whip Treaſon into Hell, from whence it came,
Exceed thy Father, both in Bliſs and Fame.

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tueſday March* 14. to *Tueſday March* 21. 1648.

Theſe ſeven Years, we've been bound to do,
Even what the Rebels pleas'd, and act it too;
But now no longer will we Vaſſals be,
We'll buy it with our Blood, but we'll be free.

Sit till your Sides ake, Vote and Order ſtill,
Keep up your Army, to enforce your Will;
Frame Articles, and all your Treaſons bring,
Into one Center, vex to Death your King.

And then, when you have done, and finiſh'd all
Hell can invent, like glorious Traitors fall.

Methinks

Methinks I see you tottering on the Tree,
And all the World applaud your Destiny.

Pluto *prepare of Hooks and* Cauldrons *store,*
For Martin *now is coming with his Whore:*
Augment thy Territories, make more room,
For store of Lords and Commons shortly come.

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tuesday March* 21. to *Tuesday March* 28. 1648.

Will you be Kings, and will you reign for ever,
And will you in your Treasons still persever?
And will Jove *sleep? Awake great Deity,*
For now 'tis Time, to scourge Impiety.

Great Charles! *His Crown, the Members* ['*mongst them share,*
They his Accusers and his Judges are;
And if by thee they are not soon controul'd,
Will Pelion *pile on* Ossa, *as of Old.*

Say ye two Houses, do you think the Fates,
Will e'er create you High and Mighty States?
And that the fatal Sisters will not rather,
Sever your Thread, and sink you all together?

For if that Treason and Rebellion,
Luxury, Schism and Sedition,

Do ſcape unpuniſh'd; then let Lucian *ſay,*
There are no Powers, but what on Earth do ſway.

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tueſday March* 28. to *Tueſday April* 4. 1648.

Bleſt Reformation! Cry our golden Guides,
We cram our Coffers, rule the Land beſides.
O what an happy Fate it was that lent
Us Power to meet, and ſit in Parliament.

Now we muſt keep our Hold, tho' Charles *do*
[*fall,*
We muſt ſtill ſway, yea, tho' we periſh all:
Pale Fury link'd Hand in Hand with Deſpera-
[*tion,*
Prompt us to act the Ruin of the Nation.

Mammon, *be thou our* Guide, *thee we adore,*
While with Icarian *Wings aloft we ſoar:*
Let us ſtill Sit, *ſtill* Vote, *and ſtill* Ordain,
Still Trample *on our Pious Sovereign.*

But know fierce Vengeance does upon you wait,
And that the People ſpy your damn'd Deceit.
Rome's Decemviri, *and the* Athenian Crew,
Paid dearly for their Treaſons; ſo muſt you.

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tueſday April* 4. to *Tueſday April* 11. 1648.

Chear

Chear up, King Charles *is coming now,*
Amongſt the Rout to ſit;
To hinder it they know not how,
And Jocky *ſwears 'tis fit.*

Oliver *totters on his Seat,*
And Tom *is once more mad;*
Martin *begins for fear to ſweat,*
And Say *is nothing glad.*

Then bonny Cavaliers *be merry,*
Whilſt that the Roundheads *mourn;*
Drown former Cares in pleaſant Sherry,
For now the Tide will turn.

To a Confeſſion of Faith,
The Members do agree;
But 'twill be ſhortly, Wharton *ſaith,*
Made at the Tripple-Tree.

The ſame Paper Page 3, gives the following Account of the Barbarity us'd towards King *Charles* the Firſt, during his Confinement; which not being commonly known, may be acceptable to Traytors, who rejoyce in the Villainous Uſage of Kings, and an Inſtruction to Loyaliſts, as to the Behaviour of thoſe vile Wretches: The Words of the ſaid Paper are as follows,

Were

Were it but only for abuſing their Sovereign Lord the King, in ſo violent and tranſcendent Manner, they could not but fully expect the ſtricteſt Vengeance, while contrary to their Oaths, their frequent ſolemn Proteſtations, their Publiſhing to the World in Print, that they intended nothing but his Preſervation, with the Supportance and Backing him, in all his juſt Privileges, they have ſhut him up in Priſon, put ſo ſtrict a Guard upon him, that he enjoyeth not the Liberty of the meaneſt of his Subjects; have accus'd him for poyſoning his Father, thereby endeavouring, as much as in them lay, not only to render him odious in the Eyes of his Subjects, but alſo take away his Life; have limited his Meals, ſo that the meaneſt Gentleman is ſerv'd with more Varieties, and which is worſt of all, have made *Hammond*, the worſt of *Villains*, his Jaylor, whom they Countenance, yea, authorize to revile him on all Occaſions to his Face; which Hell-Hound, the other Day, upon a pretended Order from them, in the dead of Night, came and knock'd at His Majeſty's Door, and when the King, all amaz'd, demanded who was there, he told him it was he, and he muſt come in. His Majeſty deſir'd him to put off the Buſi-

neſs

neſs till the Morrow; but he reply'd, he neither could nor would, and that if he open'd not the Door, he would break it open; whereupon that meek Prince preſently aroſe, and caſting his Cloak about him, admitted him. Being in, he told him, he had an Order from the Houſe, to ſearch his Cabinet for Letters; whereupon His Majeſty opening his Cabinet, took thence two Letters, and left him to view the reſt; which the Traytor perceiving, demanded them alſo. The King told him, he ſhould not have them, and with that Word threw them into the Fire; when *Hammond* endeavouring to gain them, the King tripp'd up his Heels, and laid him on the Fire alſo; whereupon the Villain baul'd out for Aid, when preſently came in a Ruffian, and laid Hands on the King, in ſuch a rude Manner, as he would have ſtrangled him; and ſtriving with him, puſh'd his Face upon the Hilt of *Hammond*'s Sword, whereby it was extremely bruis'd; and attempting him further, hit him alſo againſt the Pommel of a Chair, whereby His Majeſty's Eye is black and blue; but maugre the utmoſt of the two Devils, the Letters were burnt, and *Hammond* riſing up, threatned His Majeſty in very opprobrious Language, and ſo departed at that preſent.

Mercurius

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tuesday April* 18. to *Tuesday April* 25. 1648.

Fall, fall, O most disloyal Crew!
In Height of all your Crimes;
May he be damn'd that pities you,
The Monsters of the Times.

Behold the hardy Irish *come,*
The Cambrians *and the* Scots;
And if they fail, all Christendome
Will arm themselves by Lot.

Treason sinks downward, Loyalty,
Like to the Morning Star,
Does dart its Beams within the Sky:
Curst Traytors see from far,

How your Destruction hurries on,
Both Heaven and Men agree,
To kick you out of Charles's *Throne;*
Now dare your Destiny.

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tuesday May* 23. to *Tuesday May* 30. 1648.

Ye curst Caitiffs *of the City,*
Why will you sell your Lives?
Altho' you hate your selves, yet pity
Your Children *and your Wives.*

Why

Why will ye fall with Rogues *and* Slaves,
Who call themſelves a State;
Whoſe Bus'neſs 'tis, to dig your Graves,
And Ruin to create.

Know then, and let your Junto *know,*
For which let them deſpair;
The Prince of Wales *is coming now,*
To cruſh you into Air.

The ſev'ral Counties of this Nation,
With thoſe on that Side Tweed;
Will practice your own Reformation,
And cut *your* Throats, *indeed.*

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tueſday May* 30. to *Tueſday June* 6. 1648. Page 6.

We may ſee into what Contempt the *Cromwels* are deſervedly fallen for their Treachery; and as we ſee the preſent, ſo may certainly gueſs that the future Ages will hiſs when the Name of *Cromwel* is mention'd, or any of his Fellow Rebels. How will Poſterity hate the Memories, as all Loyal Minds now living do the Perſons of *Mancheſter, Pembroke, Say, Warwick, Kent, Fairfax, Lenthal, Marſhal, Burgeſs, Martin, Rols, Warner, Gibs, Foulk, Wo-*

laſton, *Strong*, *Cawdrey*, *Whitaker*, *Vane*, *Del*, *Peters*, *Vines*, *Nye*, *Corbet*, *Challoner*, *Peck* and *Dillingham*: The Chronologers for the Mock States, *Baxter*, *Goodwin*, *Knowles*, and all the reſt of the active Rebels.

Their Names ſhall ſtink, their Perſons hated be,
While the World laſts, by all Poſterity.

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Tueſday June* 27. to *Wedneſday July* 5. 1648. Page 2.

The inhuman Contrivances to murder King Charles *the Firſt in the Iſle of* Wight.

To follow the good Work (*Goſpel Reformation*) you muſt know, That they have any Time theſe ſix Months frequently ſollicited *Hammond*, a *Mercenary Slave*, a Fellow whoſe *Literature* lies in his Heels, and whoſe Nature is ſo flexible, that with ſmall Allurements, he may be wo'd to act any kind of *Villany*, His Majeſty's Demoniacal *Jaylor*, to convey His Majeſty's Perſon out of the Iſle of *Wight*, to ſome more obſcure Place; perhaps to immure him in ſome hollow Cave, cut out from the Entrails of the Earth, and there to diſpatch him by Poyſon, to depreſs him beneath a Feather

Feather Bed, or as Hell would prompt his Executioner.

But Mr. *Osborne*, a Conſcientious and Loyal Servitor to His Majeſty, but reputed otherwiſe by *Hammond*, has quite ſpoil'd the Deſign, for which he is in the Saints eſteem no better than a *Tobias*, or a *Sanballat*; for he, according to the Duty he owes to His Liege Lord, directed a Letter to the Lord *Wharton*, that well timber'd Saint, who while he gap'd for a Revelation from Heaven, fell into the Pit; not that bottomleſs one, his due Inheritance, but a Saw-Pit, wherein was no Water; he, like a moſt degenerate Traytor, kept the Letter in his own Pocket, being utterly unwilling the reſt of the Houſe of Peers ſhould be acquainted with the Matter as from him, and ſo for that Mr. *Osborne* was clap'd up in *Limbo*, and could have no Recourſe to the *Junto*, the Matter lay dead ſome Weeks.

And had *Oſborne* had no better a Conſcience than *Wharton*, the Plot had been bury'd in Oblivion for ever, and ſo the Rebels had eſcap'd both the Caſtigation and Infamy, that ought to wait upon ſo damnable a Deſign, at once. But the Gentleman being

toil'd with frequent Perturbations, his Mind labouring to be deliver'd a ſecond Time of the *monſtrous Plot*, finding the Lukewarmneſs of *Wharton*, to communicate his Letter, he diſpatch'd a ſecond to the Earl of *Mancheſter*, that Divine Camelion, who varies his Shape oftner than his Diſcourſe. This is he, that during the War, was of either Side, according as he beheld the Brow of *Mars* to change, who has his Religion yet to chuſe, and hates nothing more than Learning, being indeed an entire Lover of Ignorance; he, upon the Receipt of the Letter, not willing to carry ſo dangerous a Fire in his Boſom, as the ſmothering of ſo dreadful a Secret, preſented *Osborne*'s Letter to the View of the whole Houſe, who, upon Peruſal thereof, for Shame could do no leſs than afford Mr. *Osborne* the Liberty to ſpeak Truth, and therefore, according to his Deſires, they agreed, that he ſhould have Liberty to come up to *Weſtminſter*, and to make good his Accuſation againſt *Rolfe*, and the reſt of the Conſpirators, within forty Days.

Thus far the above quoted Mercury; *the next to it, which is from* Tueſday July 4. *to* Tueſday July 11. 1648. *continues the ſame Account as follows,*

It

It will be look'd upon with Wonder, by ſucceeding Ages, when they ſhall read the Tranſactions of this troubleſome Reign, as no ordinary Providence, that he (the King) has ſo often eſcap'd the Stroke of Death, and in particular the late curſed Plot aforemention'd, which that wretched *Shoemaker Rolf* had contriv'd againſt him; and now we ſhall ſee with what exemplary Juſtice the *Junto* will reward this Regicide. I ſhall take it in Capital Letters, their Doom cannot be long deferr'd; for Loyal *Osborne* has made good his Accuſation upon Oath, and the *Politick Poyſoner* is clap'd up cloſe Priſoner, by Virtue of an Order from the Houſe of Lords, in the Gatehouſe. He hid himſelf in a *Plummer*'s Houſe, in *Biſhop's-Gate-Street*, but was diſcover'd, and pull'd out of his Litter.

Neither would that vile Villain *Rolf* content himſelf with one Deſign upon the Perſon of His Majeſty; for when the Conſpiracy was detected, and that Mr. *Osborne*, and his Loyal Complices, had an Intent, for the Preſervation of His Majeſty's Perſon, to convey him out of the Hands of the bloody Conſpirators; *Rolf* had purpos'd within himſelf to put Bullets into his Body, and

and hid himſelf beneath the Window, from whence His Majeſty ſhould leap down, as by the Proteſtation of Mr. *Doucet* appears.

My LORDS,

"I am ready to make Oath, That Mr. "*Richard Osborne* told me, the King's Per- "ſon was in Danger, and that Major *Rolf* "had a Deſign for conveying His Majeſty's "Perſon to ſome Place of Secrecy, where "three ſhould go with him, and where "they might diſpoſe of His Majeſty's Per- "ſon as they thought fit.

"I am ready likewiſe to depoſe, That "the ſaid *Rolf* came to me, when I was a "Priſoner in the Caſtle, and in a jeering "Manner ask'd me, why the King came "not down according to his Appointment, "and then in great Fury and Indignation, "ſaid, He waited three Hours under the "new Platform, with a good Piſtol ready "charg'd, to have receiv'd him, if he "had come".

Abraham Doucet.

And it is worth your Obſervation to take Notice, That there want not thoſe in the Houſe of Lords, as alſo amongſt the Commons,

mons, who had their Hands deep in this damn'd Design; and therefore will not fail, if it may be, to smother the Plot, but yet in its Birth; Proof whereof we have in that my Lord *S. w-Pit*, alias *Wharton*, kept Mr. *Osborne*'s first Letter, containing a Discovery of the Design, fourteen Days, without making it known; and also, That the Commons, before they had scann'd the Accusation, voted it a meer Flam, and not worthy their taking Notice of.

Such were the Contrivances of the Rebels in those Days to murder the King, which failing, they had recourse afterwards to that open scandalous Murder which they perpetrated; the Difference was, That the *Presbyterians* prevail'd, when these secret Practices to destroy His Majesty were practis'd; and the *Independents*, when they were uppermost, executed that unparallel'd Villany in Publick.

The Paper call'd the Parliament Porter, of *September* 18. 1648. Page 6. informs us that this Villain *Rolf*, was afterwards set at Liberty by the then House of Commons, and had fifteen hundred Pounds voted him for his intended good Service of Poysoning, or Pistoling his Sovereign.

Mercurius

Mercurius Bellicus, from *Wedneſday July* 11. to *Wedneſday July* 13. 1648. Page 2.

This Paper is ſo wrong dated as here, in the Printed Copy, from which this is taken.

He ſpeaks here of the then ruling Rebels.

Firſt enters Pembroke, *he whoſe Face,*
May carve without a Knife, or Grace;
Whoſe Brains are drop'd into his Heels,
Perhaps the Reaſon why he reels,
From Poſt to Pillar, and puts on,
Every Day a new Religion:
He's a fair Cypher, let him paſs,
With his blue Ribbon, for an Aſs.

But what moſt Reverend Moyle is this?
Now I diſcover who it is;
'Tis Algernoon, *a Name of Force,*
Without a Bit to turn a Horſe:
This Reformado Earl, whoſe Senſe
Conſiſteth moſt in Impudence,
Degenerated from his Stock,
For which his Head may kiſs the Block;
Once did incur the Faction's Hate,
When Tomkins *was o'erthrown by Fate;*

And

And ſince to pleaſe the Slaves again,
He's Chief againſt his Sovereign.

Next comes a Pack-Horſe, laden ſore,
So that his Belly cracks therefore;
A Monſter, who doth lie at lurch,
To ruinate both King and Church:
See how he waddles, ſtill the Gull,
Is ſure to have his Belly full:
You'll ſay, Who is't you do preſent?
My Lord of Guts, *or Lord of* Kent.

Then here's the Devil clad in Clay,
The Patron of the Faction, Say.
This Monſter ſpawn'd the reſt o'th' Fry,
The Anacks *of our Anarchy.*
This is the Devil, who has rent,
Chriſt's *ſeemleſs Coat, and did invent*
The Lots, that do by Force put by,
The Lawn Sleeves of the Hierarchy.
This Cockatrice has hatch'd thoſe Toads,
Who are Thorns in our Eyes, the Goads
That wound us mortally each Day,
While we do linger Life away.

Next Mancheſter, *the bloody Dog,*
Dodonian *Bear,* Moloſſian *Hog;*
Who, like the Baſilisk, with his Eyes,
Has kill'd both Univerſities:

For which let Learning's Curse light on him,
And Jove's *just Vengeance fall upon him.*

Next Wharton, *he's another Limb*
Of Babel, *truly, none like him.*
For Stature may command the rest,
Nol's *Wife has put him to the Test,*
And finds him in each Member strong,
When on her Back she lies along.

But 'twere a Pity that same Earl,
Who is in Pluto's *Box a Pearl;*
Even Denbigh, *he whose Breath stinks more,*
Than any Jakes, or Commonshore;
Whose base Invectives 'gainst his Prince,
Ought to have been chastiz'd long since;
But Fates to spare him are content,
For a more publick Punishment.

Next Warwick, *he whose Brains do float,*
As would a shallow Fisher's Boat,
On Neptune's *Back, which is the Cause,*
He knows no God, no King, no Laws,
No Honour; do you think else he,
Would deign an Admiral to be,
After the * *Skipper's Boy was hist,*
From his Employment, and dismist

---

* Rainsborow.

On

On Shore, and like a Rogue came Home,
Unto his Maſters to make moan.
This droſſy Peer, whoſe crazy Skin,
Can ſcarce keep all his dry Bones in;
While that his Prince forgets what's done,
And cures the Sore of his † Son's Son,
Is buſy to liſt Seamen Store,
Tho' few or none will leave the Shore,
Thoſe ragged Veſſels to ſupply,
Which yet rebel 'gainſt Sovereignty.

Then Salisbury, *he in whoſe Hands,*
Are ſtated Store of Popiſh Lands;
Who for his Valour, and his Rage
In War, may walk in Equipage
With Pembroke; *and their Actions ſcann'd,*
May paſs for Knights of Fairy *Land;*
Would may but pleaſe their Acts to tell,
In his three half-penny Chronicle.

Then Roberts, *he's a gifted Man,*
A learned Pulpiterian;
No Tubbiſt, Seeker, Knave or Dolt,
Whoſe Tongue roars like a Thunderbolt,
Can equalize his worthy Merit,
He's ſo well gifted by the Spirit;

---

† His Grandſon ſent down to the King to be cur'd of the Evil.

But while he does preach up the Cauſe,
Down goes the Goſpel and the Laws.

Theſe are the Scorpions of the upper Region,
Camelion Lords, who vary their Religion;
Like thoſe * Magnetick *Birds, turn with the*
[Weather,
And ſo loſe Fame and Conſcience both together.
Now 'twere moſt fit we peep'd into,
The Lower Houſe, and take a View,
Of all the ſaucy Rebels there,
Who o'er their Prince do domineer.

Firſt Martin, *he does lead the Dance,*
After whom all the reſt Advance;
A Slave more Salt than is the Sea,
More ravenous in Venery,
Than any Satyr, Goat, or Boar,
Who ſerves God next unto his Whore:
He's a prime Agent, fit to be
The Overthrow of Monarchy.

Then Vane *the Father,* Vane *the Son,*
Two Devils in Conjunction,
Who thriv'd well while the King was King,
And 'twas his Service that did bring
Them in thoſe many Thouſands now,
They revel with, and can allow
So much of, to maintain that State,
Which cheating firſt did procreate.

---

* Weathercocks.

Yet these two Hornets, still are prest,
To be the foremost 'mongst the rest;
Their Votes are ne'er to seek, I, I,
To all that banes His Majesty.

Then Mr. Johns *of* Lincoln's-Inn,
A Rascal Slave, that once has been,
Before there hapt this Rebel War,
His Majesty's Sollicitor;
Who pettifogs between the Devils,
And sooths up either in their Evils.
Janus *was his Progenitor,*
And yet this carnal Gospeller,
Is the chief Parasite the States
Imploy, to fructify Debates:
This fine State Pimp can Treason sing,
And Vote the Ruin of his King.

Then Grimstone, *such another Elf,*
Who hates all Wiser than himself;
Knows only to side with the Crowd,
To strock his Beard and hum aloud;
Whose House in Essex *late was given*
To fire, to light the Saints to Heaven;
After rich Plunder taken thence;
This Dolt, tho' void of Wit or Sense,
Can with the rest say I and No,
Which way so e'er the Tide does go.

Next view Sir Walter Earl, *whose Scent,*
To find out Plots is excellent.

If he his ſcabby Noſe do bow,
He'll ſmell more than a poor Man's Sow.
He's great with Child, each Day with Dreams,
And ſtill Divines of Stratagems;
A buſy Fool, a prying Knave,
A traiterous Aſs, a ſordid Slave.

Then next behold a Man of Note,
Sir William Lewis, *that* Welch *Goat;*
A zealous Stickler for the Cauſe,
Yet a curſt Breaker of the Laws:
He's a main Engineer that drives on
The Reſt unto Rebellion.

Then Pots, *a Veſſel apt to leak;*
Onſlow, *whoſe Faith and Hams are weak;*
Gilbert Gerard, *he that bears*
The Bag, and yet on both Sides ſhares.
Prideaux, *the Poſtmaſter, who guides*
With Switch and Spur thoſe whom he rides:
Theſe Four compounded, make but one,
Entire Child of Perdition.

But here's the precious Toad, whoſe Skin,
I would have prick'd, and Tents put in;
Then hang him up againſt the Sun,
That ſo his Poyſon forth may run,
As he is broach'd, and when he's dry,
Let his own Blood his Drought ſupply;

'Tis

'Tis Weaver, *he, who if his Vote*
Could do't, would cut his Sovereign's Throat;
Who tells his Fellow Rogues, the King
They muſt unto a Tryal bring;
For all the Blood that has been ſhed,
Muſt light upon his curſed Head:
Yea, which is horrid to declare,
This Babe of Grace dares to aver,
Hanging and Quartering, O abhorr'd!
Is due unto his Sovereign Lord:
Of the ſame Mind is Scot, *I fear,*
So all the Monſters ſitting there.

Mercurius Veridicus; Communicating Intelligence from all Parts of *Great Britain*; but eſpecially from *Weſtminſter-Hall*, the Army, and City of *London*; touching all Affairs, Humours and Conditions of Men; from *Friday April* 14. till *Friday April* 21. 1648. Numb. 1.

——— *Ego nec Tumultum,*
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente,
——— *Cæſare terras.*

Come Scot, *come* Iriſh, *all that love the* King,
Joyn Hearts and Hands, our long hop'd Peace
[*to bring*;
Rout *out theſe* Monſters *of this Reformation,*
And waft *them all unto ſome* New Plantation,
Where

Where they may dig *and* delve *their curſed*
[*Graves,*
And earn their Bread *as it becometh* Slaves.
Let them not breath *in our* ſerener Air,
Nor knattle *ought but* Penſiveneſs *and Care.*
Let them for Cloaths wear nought but greaſy
[Frocks,
And let their Linnen be the menſtruous *Smocks*
That Bloomsbury *affords; and when they die,*
Let this be all their Funeral Elegy.
Here *England's ſtately Senators are laid,*
Who God's anointed and his Church betray'd.

Mercurius Urbanicus; or, News from *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and other Parts; from *Tueſday May* 2. to *Tueſday May* 9. 1648.

The Citizens *their Chains advance,*
To keep King Thomas *out*;
I hope they will provide ſome Ropes,
To hang him and his Rout.

King Cromwel *into* Wales *is gone,*
To deal his angry Blows;
But valiant Poyer *and his* Boys,
Will cuff his Copper Noſe.

The Eſſex *Lions roaring came,*
With ſuch Majeſtick Power;
They made the Senate *ſtink for fear*
They would their Bones devour.

The

The Rebel States, by jugling Tricks,
This Kingdom will undo;
And now at laſt, will run away,
And cheat the Gallows *too.*

Ibid. Page 5.

Go curſed Rebels, with your ill got Store,
To ſome remote and unknown barren Shore,
Where nought but ravening Wolves like you [may be,
To bear the Burden of your Cruelty.
Let not the Sun *to you one chearful Ray*
Afford, unleſs upon your hanging Day;
Nor yet, let Night your curſed Actions hide,
Until they be by all the World deſcry'd.
But let your horrid Treaſons, Murders, Rapes,
And Perjuries, in moſt deformed Shapes,
Affright your guilty Souls, till all of you
Truly Repent; then Gallows claim thy due.

So now farewel and be hang'd, ſince we muſt Part, better here than at the Gallows. But good Maſter Speaker, if it be your Fortune to be hang'd firſt, for you deſerv'd it long ago; tho' you did never uſe any Honeſty in your Life, nor could ever afford your Neighbours their juſt Due; yet pray uſe a little at your Death, and let the

Devil have his, and ſo deſire all the Reſt of your fellow Rebels to do.

That when your Souls do fry, in endleſs Pain,
We may enjoy our Royal King again.

Mercurius Impartialis; or, An Anſwer to that treaſonable Pamphlet, *Mercurius Militaris*; together with the *Moderate*, likewiſe communicating the Affairs of the Kingdom, eſpecially from *Weſtminſter* and the Head Quarters; from *Tueſday December* 5. to *Thurſday December* 12. 1648. Numb. 1.

The late reputed Saints are Rebels prov'd,
And hated more than e'er they were belov'd;
Their greateſt Friends are now become their Foes,
Since they're reſolv'd this Treaty to oppoſe.
Both Church and State, God, King and Prieſt
[muſt fall,
Before their Dagon; *for they will have all.*
Their Swords are ſteep'd in Murther, and their
[Cauſe
Is Treaſon, Sacrilege and Breach of Laws.
But God's a God of Vengeance, and will call,
Theſe Rebels to Account, both great and ſmall;
Upon their Necks in Fury he will tread,
And plague them for the Blood that they have
[ſhed.
Therefore

Therefore prepare, ye Soul-tormented Fiends,
To entertain your Military Friends.

Corruptio optimi peſſima, is an infallible Maxim in Divinity. That the Pulpit and the Preſs are in themſelves truly excellent no Man, not poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of Madneſs will deny; but that from thence have iſſu'd the Ruins both of King and People, and His Majeſty's Subjects been poyſon'd with Principles of Hereſy, Schiſm, Faction, Sedition, Blaſphemy, Apoſtacy, Rebellion, Treaſon, Sacrilege, Murder, Rapine, Robbery, and all other enormous Crimes, and deteſtable Villanies, with which this Kingdom has of late Times ſwarm'd, ſad Experience has given us too perfect a Senſe. That the Safety of the Kingdom conſiſts in the being of a Parliament, and that that Court hath been ever had in High and Honourable Eſtimation for the Juſtice thereof, we are not ignorant; yet even from that Court, corrupted by Malignant Members, has befallen this Kingdom more Miſchief, Deſolation and Ruin, within theſe Eight laſt Years, than ever it receiv'd good from all the Parliaments that ever were ſince their Primitive Inſtitution; or, Than all the ſucceeding Parliaments that ſhall ſit theſe many Hundred Years will be able to

repair. And undoubtedly, the preſent Parliament, Prieſts and their Emiſſaries from their Pulpits and Preſſes, have added more Souls to the Number of the Damn'd, than ever the Devil, the Pope and their ſubtileſt Agents, with their moſt skilful and pleaſant Rhetorick, were in more than fourſcore Years before able to compaſs.

The ſame Paper, Page 2. *ſpeaking of one* John Harris, *a villainous* News Writer, *who publiſh'd the above-mention'd* Mercurius Militaris, *goes on thus*;

The Rebel, in one of his *Mercury*'s, profeſſes he cannot conceive any Uſe of His Majeſty, other than of the *great Idol Bel*, in the *Apocrypha*. It was a very unfit Compariſon, and might have been better apply'd to the great *Bel and Dragon* at *Weſtminſter*; for ſhould the King but narrowly track them, he might find them and their Prieſts, with their Wives and Children, to be the Caterpillars that have devour'd the Fat and Plenty of theſe Kingdoms; and if the Rebel will but make a diligent Search into the Book of God, he ſhall find Plenty of Canonical Scripture, whereon to ground His Majeſty's Royal Prerogative, and not ſo much as any one Piece of *Apocrypha* to

juſtify

juſtify the Rights of the great Idol at *Weſtminſter*, &c.

Page 3. In his laſt the Rebel raves like a Mad-man, and bluſhes not to call His Sacred Majeſty the grand Lie of the Kingdom, a Quackſalver, a Mountebank; becauſe His Majeſty, to the Wonder of all Men, God undoubtedly, to manifeſt him his immediate Deputy, working a Miracle by him, did cure one that was blind. Therefore this Villain, like his grand Tutors, the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, who ſaid, That our Bleſſed Saviour caſt out Devils by *Beelzebub*, the Prince of the Devils, ſaith likewiſe, That His Majeſty had charm'd his Sacred Spittle, *&c.*

Ibid. Page 6. *On the Rebel General* Fairfax.

Black, like thy ſelf, are all thy Hell-hatch'd
[Deeds;
Thy very Preſence dire Deſtruction breeds,
Had thy victorious Grandſire liv'd to ſee,
Thy Acts of Treaſon and Diſloyalty,
His aged Arm, would, loathing ſuch a Beaſt,
Have pull'd the Soul forth of thy treach'rous
[Breaſt.
Let Shame befal thee and thy fatal Houſe,
To whoſe Cataſtrophe we'll Healths carouſe.

Th'aſt

Th'aſt made us Drink of Tears, but hence in
Of rich Canary, *we'll refreſh our Souls;* [Bowls
And when thy ſapleſs Body into the Ground,
Shall tumble unlamented, we'll abound,
With Songs of Mirth, and grave thee on thy [Tomb,
The Scandal of thy noble Mother's Womb;
The loathed Ray of Honour, that did bring,
Ill Omens *to this State, betrayd'ſt thy King;*
The Ruin of thy Honour'd Family,
The Wound and Blemiſh of Nobility;
A baſe, perfidious, perjur'd, black-ſoul'd Elf,
Who firſt deſtroy'd thy Country, then thy ſelf.
Good Stars be diſtant from thee, and thy Name,
With fir'd Brands we'll baniſh to thy Shame.
Out of our Books of Honour we will race
It, as unworthy to poſſeſs a Place.

Mercurius Dogmaticus; Communicating the Proceedings at *Weſtminſter*, and the *Head Quarters*; with all other remarkable Paſſages happning throughout the whole Kingdom; from *Thurſday January* 6. to *Thurſday January* 13. 1648. Numb. 1.

Our wiſe Reformers know no End,
Of their ill-gotten Gain;
And conſequently do intend,
For evermore to reign.

Lucullus

Lucullus *like they Gormandize,*
On what the Earth doth breed;
The Lake of Lucrine *can't ſuffice,*
They Tully's *Pools do need.*

While Charles, *their Lord, is pin'd with Care,*
And made their mocking Stock;
Ape like they cauſe him for to fare,
With a Bit and a Knock.

Then ſince 'tis ſo, let us not grutch
To ſuffer Woe and Scant;
He is a Traytor, *covets much,*
When as his King doth want.

Mercurius Dogmaticus, from *Thurſday January* 20. to *Friday January* 28. 1648.

Malignants all muſt now be gone,
Then Charles *thy Heels are free;*
March thou before, for thou art one,
Art thou *leſs low'd than we?*

Ye Houſes *will it* never *be,*
That we ſome Reſpite feel?
Why then we'll cure our Malady,
With Gunpowder *and* Steel.

Come

Come Jockey, *we'll forget the Wrong*
Thou didſt unto our King;
We'll free him from his Goal *e'er long,*
And him to London *bring.*

Then Say, *that Canker eaten Cur,*
And Martin *that ſame Goat,*
Shall looſe their Noiſe, their Foam, their Stir,
Each left not worth a Groat.

Mercurius Criticus, Communicating Intelligence from all Parts, touching all Affairs, Deſigns, Humours and Conditions, throughout the whole Kingdom, eſpecially from *Weſtminſter* and the *Army*; from *Thurſday April* 6. to *Thurſday April* 13. 1648. Numb. 1.

O Stench! O Stink! Atkins *did cry,*
When the Houſe of Office *fell*;
This drove the Members, and their Fry;
But where, I know not well:
They are adjourn'd, then let them go,
To rear the Walls of *Jericho.*

Could not the Devil help no longer;
Are all his Projects done?
Then ſure the Saints above are ſtronger,
And Truth the Goal hath won:

Now

Now *Martin* will forſake his Whoring,
His Bawds forſwear all further Scoring.

Give me a Bowl of rich Canary,
Here's a Health unto the King;
Now, Loyal Souls, let us be merry,
And like to Princes ſing:
For now the Rebels all are fleeting,
All Hell cannot procure their Meeting.

Down with 'um level to the Ground,
Pull their Skins o'er their Ears;
For now their Treacheries are found,
Their Fall muſt cure our Fears:
Return great Prince of *Wales*, be thou our Guide,
While we march on to fetter Regicides.

Ibid. Page 4. Upon the then governing Rebels.

They cannot ſure but ſhake upon their Beds,
While dreadful Viſions fill their curſed Heads;
They ſee the Furies ſally forth of Hell,
Telling them, they are damn'd that durſt rebel,
Againſt a Prince, the Mirror of all Minds,
In whom no Vice Predominancy finds;
When they conſider, to undo a Nation,
Has been the chief End of their Reformation.

Ibid. Page 5. Upon the ſame.

The Members and the Common Council too,
So they get Money, care not what they do.
Martin *grows poor, will not the Devil help*
Him that has been his Darling from a Whelp?
And Warner *keeps his Houſe, yet worſe and worſe,*
I hope to live to ſee him ſell his Horſe:
Members and Mayor hoard; yet a Plague rot 'um,
They put their Money in Bags that have no bottom.

Mercurius Criticus, from *Thurſday April* 27. to *Thurſday May* 4. 1648. Numb. 3.

Now, my tame Cits, *you plainly ſee,*
The Saints love Money beſt;
That 'tis a Golden Piety,
Makes them for Truth *conteſt;*
'Tis Plate and Coin,
That makes them joyn,
To rob the World of Reſt.

Slaves *to your* Servants, *now be wiſe,*
And make the Tower *your own;*
England *will aid your Enterprize,*
When your Reſolves are known:

The

The Conſuls, *and their Army now,*
Are all at their Wits Ends, I vow,
Their Fears ſo great are grown.

The blue Caps *cry, march on with haſte,*
For Cauſe *and* Covenant;
The Engliſh *Churls do make great waſte,*
Of that we dearly want;
When we the King,
To London *bring,*
He will us all Things grant.

What lack we to ſhake off the Yoke,
The Rebels have put on us;
But for to give the fatal Stroke,
Or elſe expel them from us:
Courage brave Hearts,
And play your Parts,
Nought but demurs can wrong us.

Mercurius Pſitacus: Or, The *Parotting Mercury:* Communicating the Affairs of the Kingdom, *viz* from *Weſtminſter*, &c. from *Monday June* 5. to *Monday June* 12. 1648.

'Tis Time to rouſe, *get up my* Muſe,
And arm *thee for the Fight;*
Tread not the Path *that others uſe,*
Diſtinguiſh Wrong from Right.

Tell Fairfax, *that his traiterous Head,*
Muſt pearch *upon a* Pole;
Tell Oliver, *he is but dead,*
And hath a damned Soul.

Tell Martin, *that he is a Slave,*
Made up of ſtinking Plaiſters;
The Pox *will ſend him to his Grave,*
And not theſe new Diſaſters.

Tell all the Rogues, *who rule the Roaſt,*
As if in Parliament;
Their Journey, which they ride in Poſt,
A Halter *ſhall prevent.*

Mercurius Pſitacus; from *Monday July* 31. to *Monday Auguſt* 7. 1648.

Harry Iſcariot, *tell me now,*
Or Walker, *thee I mean,*
Can all thy Hebrew *ſhow thee how,*
To 'ſcape the Gallows clean.

Tell me ye Rebels ſtill that ſit,
In Hope for to be States;
Voting without Fear, or Wit,
Who ſhall keep on your Pates?

Tell

Tell me Lame Tom *and* Oliver,
If yet thou mortal art,
Who ſhall your Race to Hell *defer,*
When * Greg *ſhall claim his Part.*

Say all ye Crimſon Saints, *who is't*
Your juſt Deſtruction pities?
When you are hang'd, you'll not be miſt,
More than the damn'd Committees.

The Parliament Porter: Or, *The Door-Keeper of the Houſe of Commons,* &c. from *Monday Auguſt* 28. to *Monday September* 4. 1648. Page 3.

An Elegy on the Deaths of the two Heroick Knights, Sir *Charles Lucas,* and Sir *George Liſle,* who were murthered by the Rebels, for their Loyalty to their King, and Love to their Country, upon the Surrender of *Colcheſter, Auguſt* 28.

When Rebels graſp a Scepter, ſit at Helm,
And their Ambition doth a Land o'erwhelm,
Virtue muſt look to ſuffer, Loyalty
In all Parts of the Kingdom doom'd to die.
Brave Lucas, *worthy* Liſle, *know this, and*
As Virtue's Patterns, have led us the Way. [*they*

* *Gregory* was then the Hangman's Name.

Who

Who fear a Traitor's Frown, live dreading
[Death,
And Slaves to Slaves, and Varlets draw their
[Breath.
Since Fate will have it so, that Rogues must
[reign,
Let's nobly Die, and turn to Duſt again.
Lucas *and* Liſle, *whoſe Souls do bright appear,*
Above the Terras of our Hemiſphere,
Look down, and ſmile upon the Rebels Deeds,
Which lean on Crutches, made of tender Reeds;
And midſt the Loyal Throng have tane their
[Place,
Sitting as Martyrs, near the Throne of Grace.
Their Bloods cry loud for Vengeance, and muſt
[be
The Rebels bane, and their Poſterity.
See what it is to have a righteous Cauſe,
To fall for th' King and Kingdom and the
[Laws.
They meet their Deaths half way, and Burly
[like,
Dare their baſe Murderers the Stroke to ſtrike;
Their Looks unalter'd, and they cry now come,
And ſend our Souls to bleſt Elizium.
Their Pious Valour does their Foes amaze,
Who wondring at them, on their Faces gaze;
But having done the Deed, like cruel Devils,
And murder'd them to add to all their Evils;
They

They triumph o'er their Bodies, and they cry,
Thus let all thoſe who dare be Loyal die.
But know vile Villains, all your Cruelties,
Your Murders, Maſſacres and Tyrannies,
Shall be retaliated; to your Sorrow know,
The Royal Party are not yet ſo low,
But they will recompence you, Ten for One,
E'er that yet forty Days are come and gone.

The Parliament Porter, &c. Numb. 3. from *Monday September* 11. to *Monday September* 18. 1648.

Now muſt the City ſoundly ſmart,
For all their ſordid Actions,
They with two Millions needs muſt part,
To Fairfax *and the Factions.*

The Treaty too, the fine State Hounds,
Have voted ſhall go on;
But, the beſt is, ten thouſand Pounds
Muſt ſerve till all be done.

While Cromwel, *and's victorious Noſe,*
With all his Myrmidons,
Lies near unto his Scottiſh *Foes,*
Not ſuch as Hamilton's.

But ſuch whoſe Rage, like to the Sea,
Will brook no Contradiction;
By them the late gain'd Victory,
Shall be confirm'd a Fiction.

Ibid.

Ibid. Page 1. *The Independent Petition abbreviated and animadverted on.*

This was writ upon a Petition, presented by the *Independents*, to the then ruling *Presbyterians*, upon their voting to treat with King *Charles* the First, after they had ruin'd all his Friends, and kept him long Prisoner; the latter then perceiving that the *Independents* were like to get the Game out of their Hands, and therefore to strengthen their Party, not out of any Loyalty, as appears by all their former Rebellion and Insolence, they now pretended to treat with His Majesty.

Tho' we desire a Peace as much as any,
2. Know like your selves the World affords [not any;

Yet we desirous are of Truth as Peace,
3. Yes, if Rebellion may procure a Peace;

And eke considering upon what Grounds,
4. Malice and Envy have been all your [Grounds.

We at the first ingaged on your Part,
5. *Pluto* had ne'er such Fellows took his [Part.

We

We muſt crave leave, ſince you intend to
[*treat,*

6. Yes, as the Devil once with *Chriſt* did
[treat.

To ſhow the Grounds mov'd us to aid you
[*on;*

7. In a moſt horrid curſt Rebellion.

Know then, at firſt, we thought you for to
[*be,*
The only prime ſupreme Authority.

8. Know Fools and Madmen there is no
[ſuch Thing,
The ſupreme Power reſts only in the
[King.
When we conſider'd, what Slaves we were
Unto the King, the Biſhop and the Peer;

9. O wretched Men! They did but gently
[nip you;
But your Reformers now with Scorpi-
[ons whip you.
We thought joyning with you, in a juſt
[*Cauſe,*
We ne'er ſhould have been queſtion'd by
[*the Laws.*

10. You thought ſo, but both you and them
[will find,
The Law has doom'd you, Hanging is
[behind.

To our exceeding Grief, we ſtill have ſeen,
That you no ſooner proſperous have been;

11. O yes! The Devil helps his Servants
[ſtill,
And hopes to ſlave all unto Traytor's
[Will.
But you betake your ſelves to treat, and ſo
Unto your Priſoner a begging go.

12. Let them ſit ſtill, for that 'bout which
[they treat,
Will prove, at beſt, but a moſt famous
[Cheat.
And you left in the Lurch, to riſe or fall,
If the King pleaſe to ſave, or hang us all.

13. Know Vipers, that you have a King,
[whoſe Mind,
Is unto Lenity, not to Blood inclin'd.
We therefore, to avoid our Royal Foes,
Think fit theſe prime Materials to propoſe.
Firſt, that you would unanimouſly aſſent,
Quite to extirpate Regal Government.

14. What

14. What Muſick to the Vulgar theſe Men
[ſing;
No Prince, no Law, then every Man's
[a King.
Next that you do declare all Men to be,
Except your ſelves, alike in their Degree.

15. O rare! Now *Dick* and *Tom*, you are as
[good,
As the beſt He that's born of gentle
[Blood:
Next, that the King do ſuffer for his Guilt,
Whoſe Crimes have caus'd ſo much Blood
[*to be ſpilt.*

16. Away ye Rogues, what Devil could in-
[vent,
Such Wickedneſs, except in Parliament?
That each Man may ſerve God as likes him
[*beſt,*
And he that knows the moſt inſtruct the reſt.

17. No doubt you ſhall be heard with So-
[vereignty,
'Tis fit the *Levites* too ſhould levell'd be.

Ibid. Page 4. *Epitaph* on the *Tomb* of the Two Valiant, and Heroick Knights, Sir *Charles Lucas*, and Sir *George Liſle*, mur-

ther'd for their *Loyalty* to their *King*, and *Love* to their Country, by *Fairfax*, and his Confederate *Rebels*.

Here lie the Glories of our Land,
Lifeleſs by a Traytor's Hand.
Two for Valour, Wit and Fame,
Worthy of Eternal Name.
Here lies Loyalty, even ſuch,
As never can be prais'd too much.
Fit Eulogies, who can invent,
Unto their Deeds equivalent?
When as Rebellion bore the Sway,
Charles *at the Feet of Traytors lay.*
When Treaſon was the Life of Law,
The Serpent all the Stars did draw
From forth their Orbs, and threw them hence,
Upon Earth's vile Circumference.
Theſe Michaels *durſt oppoſe his Ire,*
Nor would in their Career retire,
Till Thouſands of Inferior Devils,
Who back'd Tom Fairfax *in his Evils,*
They ding'd to Hell; yet, Oh! At length,
They loſt their Fury and their Strength.
Pluto, *he got the better on't:*
E'er they, or any thought upon't.
Famine, whoſe Force none can withſtand,
Made them ſurrender out of Hand,
And caſt themſelves for Mercy on,
The Authors of Rebellion;

Who mad with Rage, like Tygers fell,
Such as no Age can parallel,
In cool Blood martyr'd them, to ſhow,
No Faith with Miſcreants is below.
Here they, the valiant Champions lie,
Whoſe Blood for Vengeance loud does cry.

Weſtminſter Projects: Or, *The Myſtery of Iniquity, of the Committee of* Darby-Houſe *diſcover'd.* 1648. Numb. 6.

Plot on great Wharton, *and contrive,*
To ſave the Houſe of Peers;
For if the King do but ſurvive,
He'll pull them by the Ears.

Pray ſend for Say, *and* St. Johns *too,*
And ſtudy ſome Device,
To cheat the Kingdom once again;
Y'ave done it neatly twice.

The Proverb is, Beware the Third;
For if you make a Blort,
'Tis ten to one, you loſe your Heads,
And then you'll ſpoil the Sport.

For I ſhould very ſorry be,
You ſhould ſuch Honour have;
An Halter I could well afford,
The Portion of a Knave.

The

The Parliament's Scrich Owl: Or, *Intelligence from ſeveral Parts of the Kingdom*, &c. 1648. Numb. 2.

The Houſes they do Faſt *and* Pray,
The Remnant that is left;
'Tis They, I mean, which here do ſtay,
As of their Wits bereft.

They Vote, and Vote, and Vote again,
Yet nothing is effected;
The Remnant that does here remain,
Their Votes *they are neglected.*

Their Babel *now is coming down,*
Their Pride muſt have a Fall;
Our King, *he ſhall enjoy his Crown,*
And ſet us free from Thrall.

For th' Speaker Lenthal, *he who had,*
All Things at his Command,
Sits now juſt like a tir'd Jade,
Scarce able for to ſtand.

He has been ſuch a traiterous Knave,
His Cheats they are ſo great;
That all the World he knows can't ſave
Him from the Hangman's Net.

Ibid.

Ibid. A timely Warning to *England.*

What Judgment's this, Great Britain, *that*
[*thy Walls,*
And Streets are fill'd with such rude Canibals?
This Parliament, their curſed Soldiers,
Fairfax's *Rout, their chief Upholders;*
Who like diſtracted Bedlams *run about,*
Their own and others Ruin to ſeek out.
Who, Edom *like, have for a Meſs of Broth,*
Sold Birthright, Freedom, Subſtance, Faith
[*and Troth:*
Theſe damned Presbyters, *and all whate'er*
They be, that help them out of Love or Fear.
It ſhows the baſe Unworthineſs of thoſe,
That to their Country prove ſuch mortal Foes.
O, what malignant Spirits them poſſeſs,
That envy their own Country's Happineſs?
What Empire, Kingdom, Age, or Generation,
Since Babel's *Riſe, or ſince the World's Foun-*
[*dation,*
Can ſhow the like, that ever England *ſhould,*
Nurſe up a Sort of Men, who if they could,
Would cut poor England's *Throat. Was't e-*
[*ver known,*
That any People did envy their own
Proſperity? Sure no; yet England *hath,*
Foſter'd ſuch hideous Monſters, who would bath,
Their

Their Swords in Friends, Kindreds and Neigh-
[bours Blood,
Till down the Fields there run a crimſon Flood.
What muſt thou do to quit thee of this Grief,
Since thou haſt been ſo long without Relief?
Thou muſt return from thine Apoſtacies,
Thy Rebellions and falſe Hereſies;
And truly ſerve thy God, *thy King obey,*
So may'ſt thou be preſerv'd both Night and Day.

The Parliament Scrich-Owl, &c. 1648. Numb. 3.

Theſe Tyrants States, *muſt bid adieu,*
Their Houſe *is now decaying;*
To Gregory *this curſed Crew,*
Muſt go without delaying.

From him they muſt e'er long depart,
Unto the Devil in Hell;
And there receive their true Deſert,
And with him ever dwell.

For who now thinks they can reign long,
When as they are deſerted;
Fairfax *does but their Time prolong,*
Cromwel's *before departed.*

His

His Goutſhip *gets no Pay but* Knocks,
Lies roaring in his Bed;
By reaſon of his Goutiſh Pox,
Which ſtrikes the Saints half Dead.

For they do all both Snot *and Snivel,*
They proudly fling *and* flout;
Becauſe King Nol's *gone to the* Devil,
And black Tom's *put ſo to't.*

The Colcheſter Spy: Truly informing the Kingdom of the State of that Town, *&c.* from *Thurſday Auguſt* 10. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 17. 1648. Numb. 1.

From burning Bulls, the Saints do cry,
Good State deliver us;
But 'gainſt theſe Rebel Saints, ſay I,
Lord make us proſperous.

Hold out brave Norwich, *and the reſt,*
Who guard the famous Town;
For know, tho' Nol *and* Tom *conteſt,*
The States are tumbling down.

To the Coward Cuckolds of the City.

Are you beſotted ſo, not to perceive,
Who has befool'd you; who the Snares do weave;

That have intrap'd you, and who ſpic'd the Bowl,
That makes you drunken, ſtagger, reel and roul?
Have you concluded never to retire,
In your Carreer, till all is on a Fire?
And you and yours lie ſprawling in the Plaſhes,
Of your own Blood, or in your City Aſhes?
Or till you be o'erwhelmed with Diſorders,
Fears, Outcries, Violences, Flames and Mur-
[thers?

To the Hypocritical Traiterous Houſe of Commons.

'Tis not becauſe you ſeek the Publick Good,
That you renew the War for letting Blood;
Eſpecially now the Dog Star reigns
So near the Heart, and in thoſe Maſter Veins
Now likely to be open'd, ſeems to me
No Phyſick, but true Butchery to be.

Mercurius Publicus: Communicating emergent Occurrences, and ſeveral Paſſages of theſe Times, for the further Diſcovery of that *Miſtery of Iniquity*, the Preſent *Parliament* at *Weſtminſter*; and the timely Information of the abus'd People of *England*, 1648. Numb. 2.

The Officers o'th' luſtful State,
Much troubl'd are and ſad;
His Pulpit Pimps *condole their Fate,*
His Bravo's are grown mad.

No longer now they can procure,
Unto the Fornications
He did commit, being ſo impure,
To proſtitute three Nations.

His great Retinue *is grown thin;*
He's ſlenderly attended,
They can no longer further Sin,
Becauſe the Girls are mended.

His Engliſh *Miſtreſs coy is grown,*
For now, at better Leiſure,
She finds he kept her as his own,
To rob her of her Treaſure.

'Tis true, to th' Scottiſh *Laſs all Coins*
He gave to keep her to him;
But ſhe finds Faults into his Loyns,
And would no longer do we'm.

The Iriſh *Wench he thought to hold,*
By Force, but ſhe was skittiſh;
And ſeeing his Performance cold,
She ſcorn'd, ſhe ſaid, the Britiſh.

Ibid. Page 11.

Up drowſy Muſe, 'tis twenty Years ſince thou,
Didſt plow up Words in Furrows, ſhew us how
Theſe Teachers teach; What is the Pulpit now?

Anſwer.

Sedition's *Stage, a priviledged Place,*
Where no Arreſt *is made of* Sin, *Diſgrace*
Of Learning, Arts, *and all Habiliments*
Of well-bred Piety; this Parliament's
Chief Pimp *and* Bawd *unto the* Leachery
Of theſe Laſcivious Times, the Treachery
To Faith, *the* Mart *of* Nonſenſe, *and the* [*Stain*
Of Knowledge, *the frequent* Change *for* [*Gain.*

Ibid. Page 12. *A Prayer for the Uſe of Rebel Clergy.*

Gracious God! We acknowledge, that we of the Backſliding Clergy, are Salt which has loſt its ſavour; we have beguil'd unſtable Souls; under Pretence of long Prayer, have led Captive ſilly Women laden with Sin. We have wreſted the Scriptures, unto our own and others Deſtruction. We have

have had Hearts exercis'd with covetous Practices, been curſed Children to our Mother Church. We have forſaken the right Way and gone aſtray, following the Way of *Balaam* the Son of *Bozor*, who lov'd the Wages of Unrighteouſneſs. We have been Clouds without Water, and been carry'd about with every Wind of Doctrine. We have had the Parliament Men's Perſons in Admiration, becauſe of Advantage, and have deliver'd for Doctrine their Traditions; ſpeaking evil of Dignities, and thoſe Things which we knew not; and have ſlander'd the Footſteps of God's Anointed. We have been raging Waves of the Sea, foaming out our own Shame, and like *Nadab* and *Abihu*, have offer'd up ſtrange Fire before thee, from whence the Flames of our Rebellion, which is as the Sin of Witchcraft, has broken forth, and devour'd the People. We have been fooliſh Prophets, following our own Spirits, and have known nothing. Give us all Grace to repent, to do our firſt Work, and return unto our firſt Love; otherwiſe, for us, who have not kept our firſt State, wandring Stars, will be reſerv'd the Blackneſs of Darkneſs for ever. *Amen.*

Mercurius

Mercurius Publicus, from *Monday May* 22. to *Monday May* 29. 1648. Numb. 3.

Vote, *and* Unvote, *the ſelf ſame Thing,*
How will the Game *be play'd?*
This Dealing, *Sirs, is for the King,*
The Gameſters *are afraid.*

Here *now they are, preſently* there,
You know not where to find them;
Such are their nimble Friſks of Fear,
That they do even blind them.

Our King, *our* King, *the* People *ſhout,*
The Parliament *would* ſhuffle;
They fear the King would root them out,
And thus begins the Scuffle.

The People *ſhall reſtore their* King,
And Things will ſtrangely alter;
For what to them does Glory bring,
Brings th' Parliament an Halter.

The Parliament-Kite: Or, *The Tell-Tale-Bird*, &c. from *Wedneſday May* 10. to *Wedneſday May* 16. 1648. Being the *Roundheads* Thankſgiving-Day, for ſeventeen Colours taken at the Taylor's, as they were a Hemming.

The

The Devil's in't, if all won't do,
Come Charles *and take thy Crown;*
Surry, *nay* London's *for thee too,*
All vow the Saints ſhall down.

A Tell-Tale-Bird *is now hatch'd up,*
To peck out Rebels Eyes;
When Traytors *drink of* Judas *Cup,*
Farewel our Miſeries.

Now Charles *is voted up again,*
Was voted down before;
This Parliament, *I will maintain,*
Has all Tricks of a Whore.

Come Scots, *come* Welſh, *come* Iriſhmen,
Come Engliſhmen *and joyn;*
Fetch Home your King, *and then and then,*
We'll drink his Health in Wine.

Ibid. Page 2. To the Parliament.

You raving Vulturs, Rooks, *and State* Jack-Daws,
Who tear whatever comes within your Claws;
That Cage the Eagle, *make the* Phenix *fly,*
And the young Birds of Paradiſe *defy;*
That on the City Gold-Finches *do prey,*
And ſettle Peace the clean contrary way;

That,

That, like the Cuckow, *always ſing one Note,*
And croak black Treaſon, *Contradictions Vote;*
That ſwear, forſwear, *and make your* Will *a*
[*Law,*
To kill, *to rob, to* tyrannize, o'er-awe;
I'll ſharp my Talons, whet my beaked Bill,
To prey on you, when you do others kill.
Make Widgin Tom, *and our new* Saints *to*
[*ſing,*
Treaſon's reveng'd, *ſpring'd in an Hempen*
[*String.*
But hark! I hear the Drums again to beat,
For Charles's *Cauſe, and ſtrike the braveſt*
[*Heat,*
That ever yet did fire Engliſh *Blood,*
To fetch him Home; Heav'n grant 'tis under-
[*ſtood:*
Brave Engliſh *you ſhall then urge on, and cry,*
For God, *and for King* Charles, *let's fight*
[*or die.*

Ibid. Page 3. Where art thou Juſtice? What, aſleep! With thy Sword and Ballance in thy Hand? Shall Law never take Place again? Muſt bloody Rebellion ſtill triumph over Loyalty? Shall the Slave reign, and the King be his Captive? Shall Sedition and Schiſm ſway the Scepter, and Faction be adorn'd with *England*'s Royal Diadem, that ſhould encompaſs none but the

the Royal Temples of great *Charles?* Firſt, Let Confuſion ſhake the World into a ſecond Chaos: Let the Heavens drop Plagues and Vengeance, and its bright Eye ſhed Tears of Blood, and dart forth Flames quicker than Thought, that may conſume ye all; and if it will not, ſome dark miſt-ſwollen Cloud ariſe, that with a foggy Groſſneſs may obſcure its Light, until our Noon-Day be Eternal Night; and if that fails, let the four Winds wheel-round, with all their boiſterous Powers, wracking thoſe Clouds into perpetual Showers, which may waſh us from our Infamy, Shame and dull Security. Periſh the Hand that's lifted up againſt Majeſty; Horror, Death, and diſmal Shrieks of damned Souls. Awake ye Countrymen; if ye are not quite dead in Stupidity, now awake, or never, and ſleep not in the midſt of a Storm, leſt ye be ſhip-wreck'd; and if there be one faithful Man alive, that truly fears *God*, and Honours the *King*, and hates damn'd Rebellion, Murder, Schiſm, Faction, and the like, let him hollow in the Ears of the Senate, louder than Thunder, and make them underſtand.

That, like the Herd of Swine, they ſtill run on,
The ready Way to their Deſtruction.

The Parliament-Kite, &c. from *Wednesday May* 16. to *Thursday June* 1. 1648. Numb. 2, 3.

Look to your Eyes; ware Kite, *I say,*
You Carrion Parliament;
For yet, before Midsummer-Day,
Your Houses shall be rent.

All Loyal Hearts now joyn with Kent,
And revenge Surry's *Wrongs;*
Come all you Counties with Intent,
And thrust them with your Prongs.

Brave London *Lads will take your Parts,*
And Watermen good Store,
Vow that they will with Hands and Hearts,
Help you destroy this Whore.

King Charles *shall then, in Glory reign,*
In Spight of all his Foes;
Your Freedoms too you will regain,
And end all England's *Woes.*

The Parliament-Kite, &c. from *Thursday June* 1. to *Friday June* 9. 1648. Numb. 4.

Sound-

Sound Trumpets, Drums, Guns, Cannons roar,
Until Rebellion quake;
What Honour can you fight for more?
Three Kingdoms lye at Stake.

How noble 'tis to ſtand, or fall,
In Royal Charles's *Cauſe?*
Confuſion ſeize upon them all,
That fight againſt his Laws.

Methinks thoſe Rogues, on Mile-End *Green,*
Stood muſing on their Fates,
As if their damned Souls had been,
Looking through Hell's Grates.

Stand to it now, brave Countrymen,
Since Citizens prove baſe;
May they all ſtarve within their Den,
And periſh void of Grace.

Ibid. Page 14. To diſtracted *Engliſhmen.*

Altho' your Hopes *and Fears do* wax *and* wane,
Some Times you loſe, anon the Day you gain;
What Heaven decrees, you muſt ſubmit unto,
As God diſpoſes of your Weal *or* Woe.
Wait ſtill with Patience, baniſh all miſtruſt,
Tho' Foes *be powerful, yet your God is juſt.*

What tho' Treaſon, Theft, baſe bloody Crimes,
Be voted Laws, by thoſe that rule the Times;
Yet cheer up Countrymen, the Time's at Hand,
King Charles *muſt rule this ſad diſtracted*
[Land;
Then ſhall your Kite *ſuch Stories of them tell,*
Shall make their Houſes both adjourn to Hell.

Ibid. Page 15. I beſeech you Gentlemen take Notice of the great Amity, good Correſpondence, right Underſtanding, and unfeign'd Affection of *Pilate* and *Herod*, the Parliament and the City, that like *Simeon* and *Levi*, Brethren in Iniquity, walk Hand in Hand to their own Deſtruction.

An happy Thing it is, and joyful for to ſee,
When Cuckolds, Knaves *and Traytors, like*
[Brethren do agree.

The Parliament-Kite, &c. from *Friday June* 9. to *Friday June* 16. 1648. Numb. 5.

The Saints muſt reign; who ſhall gainſay?
Since ſo the Fates diſpoſe.
That People ſcarce can miſs their Way,
Who follow Cromwel's *Noſe.*

If gouty Tom *and* Nol *agree,*
To ſhare poor Charles's *Crown;*
What happy Days Rebels will ſee,
When Loyalty goes down.

But ſtay a while; pray not ſo faſt;
I heard a Bird once ſing,
E'er Midſummer *be gone and paſt,*
We ſhall have Home our King.

Rebels ſhall then be all arraign'd,
And ſome condemn'd to die;
Our Freedoms all ſhall be regain'd,
Then farewel Tyranny.

The Parliament-Kite, &c. from *Thurſday July* 20. to *Thurſday July* 27. 1648. Numb. 10.

Page 15. Now by your Leaves, Gentlemen, Traitors and Rebels at *Weſtminſter*; I can afford you no better Titles, till you bring Home the King. I am ſent to pick out the Eyes of the Rebellious, and deſire no better Carrion to prey upon than your ſelves; therefore guard you, as well as you can, for I am ſharp ſet, and will make no Bones on you.

For

For we know we never ſhall have Peace,
Till we have won London, *I own,*
Sedition never will ceaſe,
Till all the Roundheads *are down;*
When this Army's well bang'd,
And this Parliament's hang'd,
Then the reſt will be true to the Crown.

The Parliament-Kite, from *Thurſday Auguſt* 3. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 10. 1648. Numb. 12.

Devils in Fleſh, that Saints would be,
Yet hate both Law *and* King;
Your Brethren Presbyters, *and ye,*
Do well deſerve to ſwing.

Your Darby-Houſe *black damn'd Committee,*
That Magazine of Hell,
Hath Plots againſt the King and City,
Yet ſay they do full well.

If this be their Religion,
To Murder, Steal and Lie,
In Blood and Rapine to go on,
And ruin Monarchy.

They

They are religious Men indeed,
All of the zealous Race;
The little Flock, the holy Seed,
And pure Babes of Grace.

Ibid. Page 64. To the People.

Good People help me, arm ye with all Speed,
Give to Rebellion their juſt Hire and Meed.
Shall ſtill this Everlaſting Parliament,
Sit to increaſe their Puniſhment?
Three Kingdoms they have ruin'd, ſhar'd their
[*Wealth;*
Made themſelves Rich by Murder, Rapine,
[*Stealth;*
Abus'd the King, *the* Queen, *the* Prince, *and*
[*all*
Their Loyal Subjects they now Traitors call;
Yet they, the Scum of all Raſcallity,
Rogues that deſerve an Halter, Sledge *and*
[*Tree,*
Have broke all Laws Moral and Divine,
And have out-acted Cataline.
Who is't amongſt you was not rich before,
Theſe ſeven Years Plagues rob'd y' of all your
[*Store?*
Yet ſtill you ſuffer them, provide them Pay,
Obſerve their Faſts, and their Thankſgiving.
[*Day,*

For

For ſhedding Blood, for cutting Throats; nay,
[more,
Do find them Money, to be Drunk and Whore.
For Shame, unſheath your Swords, and make
[them know,
They've wrought Three Kingdoms overthrow.

Ibid. Page 65. If ever People under Heaven were bewitch'd to their own Ruin, 'tis the People of this Nation; after all this Light that breaks out every Day unto them, they remain yet as blind as ſo many Beetles, and cannot ſee their Miſery; but that the joult Heads of the City ſhould have no more Wit than to believe the baffling Juglers and Equivocators at *Weſtminſter*, that ſit laughing over the Miſeries of three Kingdoms, is no Wonder, ſince they have hackney'd them off their Legs, and made them tame patient Beaſts, to draw in the Yoke of their Tyranny, and like *Iſſachar*'s Aſs, to couch under their Burdens; that now like ſo many Camels they may make them lie down, when they liſt, to take up their Loads; teach them to fetch and carry, and then ſpit in their Mouths a few plauſible oyly Pretences, to put them off from having Home their King, *&c.*

The

The Parliament-Kite, from *Thurſday Auguſt* 17. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 24 1648. Numb. 14.

Now Antichriſt *at* Weſtminſter,
The Devil in the Houſe,
Do make a lamentable Stir,
And yet our Bloods carouſe.

The Commons *vote they will be* Kings,
In ſpight of Fate, or Chance;
But yet I know a Bird that ſings,
They muſt in Halters dance.

Pox take them all, for they be Knaves,
And if not Rogues are Fools;
For they have made all People Slaves,
And quite undone our Schools.

What would you ſay, to ſee them fall,
With both their Houſes vile;
Becauſe they have deceiv'd us all,
Now * Gregory *they'll beguile.*

Ibid. Page 82. To the Motly Senate and Synod.

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* The Hangman.

And is this all the good you Saints can do,
To add Affliction unto all our Woe?
The Paleneſs of your Fear declares your Guilt,
That you muſt anſwer all the Blood that's ſpilt?
The Scripture bids Men faſt from Sin and Pray;
But you give Thanks after a bloody Fray.
You Hypocrites; are theſe your Roundheads
[*Pranks,*
To ſpill your Brethren's Blood, and then give
[*Thanks?*
Rebels repent, and trouble God no further;
For he expects no Thanks for doing Murther.
He does forbid to ſteal, forſwear, or Lie,
'Tis all the Trade that you good Men live by.
Your Wares are bad; but you your ſelves are
[*worſe,*
The Devil take ye, you have all Men's Curſe.
Die quickly then, ſince all Men it deſire,
And may you never want Brimſtone and Fire.

Mercurius Inſanus Inſaniſſimus, Numb. 3.

Reader, You muſt imagine *Mercury* to be ſufficiently zealouſly mad, and out of his Zeal, contrary to Knowledge, he begins his Diſcourſe devoutly in Rhime, Doggrel, as follows;

Moſt

Moſt cruel, curſed, Parliament,
Which has Three Kingdoms *ſpoil'd and* rent,
And ſo much Blood *and* Money *ſpent.*

May ſuch Patriots of this Nation,
Be bleſs'd, as is their Reformation,
Shap'd after the Geneva *Faſhion.*

God keep this Land from ſuch Tranſlators,
From Preaching Coblers, Pulpit Praters,
Of Order and Allegiance Haters.

From Martial *Prieſts, and Prieſtly Buff,*
From greazy Thumbs and Kitchin Stuff,
Of which we have more than enough.

And when this Parliament is gone,
And quitted their Dominion,
God ſend's a better, or ſend none.

Let High and Low, both Church and Laymen,
Unto this hearty Prayer, ſay, Amen.

Mercurius Inſanus Inſaniſſimus, Numb. 4. Page 9.

An Order paſs'd in the Houſe of Commons, for the Increaſe of Beggars over all *England,* and the Dominion of *Wales.* The

Lords Concurrence was desir'd therein, which with all Willingness was assented to. And further, their Lordships of the *Upper-House*, certify'd their Masters of the *Lower-House*, That it were much in Forwardness, for effecting of the Business, to lay more Taxes and Impositions upon the People, and to stop their Mouths with fearful News of Letters intercepted, full of dangerous Plots, Conspiracies, Fears and Jealousies, from *Scotland*, *France*, *Spain*, *Rome*, *Ireland*, *Wales*, *Holland*, *Dover and Dunbar*; *Utopia*, the *Devil's Arse a Peake*, written and counterfeited by Rogues and Villains, in *London* and *Westminster*, in private Chambers and base bawdy tipling Schools, full of nothing but *Lies*, *Walkerism*, *Harruneyanism*, *Atheism*, *Rebellion*, *Blasphemy*, *Nonsense* and *Treason*, &c.

Ibid. Page 28. The second Day of this *April*, being *Easter*-Day, Master *Vines* of St. *Clements*, did pray, in the Morning, that God would bless the King, and restore him to his Throne, Regal Rights, Estate and Dignity, the Right Honourable the Marquis of *Hertford* being then at Church. But in the Afternoon, the Lord Marquis being Absent, the Lord *Fairfax* came to that Church, and then and there Mr. *Vines*

pray'd

pray'd *Stilo Parliamentario, God turn the Heart of the King, and give him Grace to repent of his grievous Sins, and eſpecially for all the Blood that he had ſhed in theſe cruel Civil uncivil Wars*; with many other Words and Expreſſions of the ſame Cut, Garb and Faſhion; whereby it was noted and perceiv'd, that Mr. *Vines* was much more alter'd, betwixt the Forenoon and the Afternoon, than the Difference betwixt an *Engliſh* Marquiſs, and an *Iriſh* Baron.

Alſo upon the ſame Day, one Mr. *Roberts*, Parſon of St. *Auſtin*'s, *London*, having a Sacrament to be adminiſter'd at his Church, did moſt courteous unchriſtianly, and moſt charitable impiouſly deny the Sacrament to a certain Number of ſufficient and able Honeſt Citizens, holding them incapable and unworthy to be Partakers of ſuch Divine Myſterious Bleſſings; alledging no other Reaſon, but that the ſaid Perſons had made Bonefires, and drank the King's Health, on the 27th before, which was His Majeſty's Coronation-Day; and as it fell out, on the *Monday* before *Eaſter*, being ſix Days Space between, yet all that Time could not aſſwage the zealous Malice

which

which Mr. *Roberts* had lock'd in his Breaſt, againſt thoſe Men that ſhow'd their Loyalty, in expreſſing their Loves to His Majeſty, in dutiful Memory of His Royal Inauguration.

FINIS.

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